For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares
vvhich hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me ſpeake.

Gra. Well keepe me company but two yeeres moe
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

An. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neates togue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*

An. It is that any thing now.

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all Venice, his reaſons are as two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the ſearch.

An. VVell, tell me now what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecrete pilgrimage
That you to day promiſd to tell me of.

Baſſ. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
vvherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the moſt in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purpoſes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
vvithin the eye of honour, be aſſurd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe ſame flight
The ſelfe ſame way, with more aduiſed watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I yrge this child-hood proofe
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is loſt, but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
vvhich you did ſhoote the firſt, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

An. You know me well, and heerein ſpend but time
To wind about my loue with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong
In making queſtion of my vttermoſt
Then if you had made waſt of all I haue:
Then doe but ſay to me what I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt vnto it: therefore ſpeake.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, ſometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
vvhich makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,